ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,
AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

Vol. XVIII. **Philadelphia, May 18, 1839.** **Whole No. 929.**

From the Knickerbocker.

ODE TO THE CZAR.

"He has ravaged one hundred power, wrench from their homes in Poland, and distributed them among his soldiers."—German report.

Ah Ian! 'tis done—and Poland bows,
And bleeding bows to thee!
Thou hast thy gaolers in the house,
The name of the free!
And sun shall see, in other times,
That vaunt upraised by the nations,
The nothing more could be,—
But—decked in ape these nice alone,
The rule and lay of slave!
And then that last!—it was a deed
A Nero's name would blot,
By some like thine to wear not decked,
It shall not be forgot:
Thy lame will be, the ruthless foe
Whom every breast in unison woes,
Till thrones and time are not,—
The fire, the lust, the worst to claim,
An eternal infamy!
Thy Czarie, with the earth at best,
Wept for a world to win,—
Be rescued, for the sake was still a man,
The plague spot dark wishes;
Thy vengeance, marked by the spoil,
Wept at the name it entombed;
Of his own young Semone;
But thou!—the fiend hath blessed thee,—
Thou hast got another soul!

The Czarie mourned the lustrelled for
Hurled headlong from his side,
Forgetting, in that hour of wail,
He would the world divide;
But thou,—as thou 'rt a deadly smart,
To wash the stain from thy hand,
Thou entered homicide!
Dark thane, go, glut thee on thy blade,
And mark the blood that sends.
The dying mourning for the dead,
The corpse and for the skein,—
The night—while gloating o'ally red,
The lit-ed empurpled plain,—
The dying shriek, the treasure's prayer,
A nation's cry of shame!—
Those mark thy reeking track,
Till even rain cheeks bar way,
And warm a guilty man to cry:
The sire lessons his murdered son,
The warrior will lo, brade,
The comfort closed his little one,
For all the sought bread,
The famished boy of lonely birth
Stands weeping by the unknown hearth,
Where all his race had died,—
And Poland wails in widowed woe,
The maiden's in dishonored,
And Europe heard his bat will shriek,
Nor answered to the call!
The Austrian wins his sullen bank,
And Prussia shouted in her glee;
And England, treacherous to the free,
Was to the spoil!
Ioads; did the Cossack but reign,
What would they keep to arms again?
But all is crushed—all's right!

Low on the dose is laid,
The children of the thunder king
Have changed to slaves and to bleeds,
And since he fell their land hath been
The plaything of whoever was more,
Belonging, not his own,
Its foreign channel, then vassle free,
The dupes—the slaves to tyranny!
Yet there is still a spirit in the grave!
Oh! Poland shall it be,
And autumn mock the bold and brave
With mockery of peace!
But it is well—burn out thy tomb,
Thou tyrant, tyrant-like, shall come,
And Europe shall be free!
Nor time, nor tyrants conquer then,
The eternal barrage of men!

CALDERA.

THE CANON
With Two Consciences.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MATTHEW THE BEEFER." &c.

Most canons, and all good ones, have two consciences, or two consciences. Himself was his little flock, and to one four times blessed those neighbors who dwelt the nearest to him. Happy were they as 20 neighbors! Look out of your own little parish, and you will find that the most unhappy of all parishioners be who have no conscience at all: you are distinguished among the fortunate as having among you the Canon of Canaby with two; and here he comes!

He is fifty years of age, yet time has omitted to trace at least twenty of them upon his white and florid face. His eyes are large and serene, and the upper part of his head grand and massive; but, more attractively, you will pronounce it to be finished at his approach.

The lower part of the face does not, however, correspond with the upper; the mouth is small, and the extremity of his aquiline nose is sharp and pinched; his lips are very thin, and compressed inward, and his chin is full to the point of fleshiness, connected with deep and numerous lines. He is tall and stately of form, his manner assured and noble, and would have been grand, were it not for a convulsive twitching of his hand, as if, in his imagination, he were grasping eagerly something exceedingly precious. In those times a universal hand, every one being in the habitual act of a pseudo canon—no one, therefore, spared the trouble of describing them, or the misery of attempting to be more or less than ordinarily inquisitive.

Now, the manner of this worldly canon astounded all to whom he was introduced. He was universally known in the rural district in which he resided, and much too large for his wants. His domestic establishment was on a princely scale, and it certainly is not true that he kept his mares as his housekeeper, or his grooms as his valets; the situation of the venerable ecclesiastic. There seemingly no reason why he should not be established in state; but if she was any relation, she must either leave him his grandmother or his grandaunt.

Besides his regular cook, he had a foreign cook, a rather poisoned, another source of emolument, no doubt, and his table was that of a lord. Canaby Hall was one of the largest and handsomest houses in the whole county, and under a broken mass of old and gray rock, a babbling spring of the richest and purest water in all England, burst out in a wide way through a fertile soil, or from the rocks, or after passing through a field of wheat, was rapidly united with a sanguineous color; of course, it was lively and sensational, and had its merit, its peculiar merit, in the estimation of many; but it would have done our Canon but little good, had it not possessed, over and above, the high estate which was in the prettiest rustical taste imaginable.

Wherever there is an altar, there must be offering, and a priest.

It was in this manner that the Canaleys fountain was placed in the midst of a dell, and was not very dissolute, but lived for chromatic affections. The reverend knows exactly how Saint Ingo had established a hermitage in the days of yore, and thence to the adjacent parts, are least in the old-fashioned knowledge, that the look Canaleys is a way, and that he became nonfolded from the no-thoroughfare state of the roads about those parts, living out the side of the hill, and not in the vale. No one can doubt this portion of the legend, for the rock, and the cleft of the Saint's blood still run down it, is shown as a precious relic in the chapel; and of course is not believed, nearly so much so, for thousands have been the pious pilgrims that kissed it.

The intelligent need not be told, that, in this spring, the sanctified font was found, which was not only miraculously fortified, but it imparted to the waters the power of healing all diseases to all persons in certain conditions—the two principles of which were, firstly, faith; secondly, a tenderness to be would itself to get well. The Canon, who was a well read one, certainly had some peculiar old books on this subject—a religious one never found into his mind for a moment.

Blood simplicity! that painted the pure and shining robes of innocence and religion upon the fog of superstition! who shall, in the pride and darkness of his own cynical heart, dare to revile thee? That inner cores of suffering feet so well as those at this spring and shrine, were effected, the most rigid reformist, or the most valiant iconoclast, would vainly deny. The cures were numerous, and great, the decline of the repeated immersion succeeding closely upon the use of a hearty and not over critical breakfast, could not have performed it upon the patients: and this, with the purity of the air, and the quiet to be found in the single habitation—to say nothing of the unction of the good Canon, and the exactity of the shrine and relic, worked wonders; and when the people within forty miles round were troubled with crippled feet, his hands were full, in the last of all senses—full of money.

When this good man was a very affluent subject, or at least was considered so, and himself was said had come doubts of the purity of the faith of the confessor. But the question must have arisen as often the companion of reasonables, and the foot looked angry, so did the priest Canon, as he lifted a pair of the most beautiful feet, and the most whole which could defeat the holy efficacy of the blessed waters to any but the heretic and the supplicant-tation to pay the Canon approached on crutches, the sacrilegious knew that the leprosy was already developed in the system, and a return home and penance were the best restoratives; but oh old an unhappy patient appeared, upon a sight of him, he was pronounced in such a state of lapse from the church, that the relic and waters would, instead of promoting a cure, have done nothing but harm. The vengeance, marked by the spoil,

Wept at the name it entombed;
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Atkinson's Evening Post and Philadelphia Saturday News.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL CHARGE OF
GEORGE R. GRAHAM.
Letters to be addressed to S. C. Atkinson, Publisher.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1839.

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JAS. H. NESBITT, Esq. of Lewisburg, Va. is the agent for subscriptions due the Saturday Evening Post, and Casket for Greenbriar county, Va.

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We are indebted to G. R. Smith, Esq. of the state Legislature, for the report of the third annual Geological Survey of the State.

The report presents many facts of interest to Pennsylvanians, and is marked by an ability on the part of Mr. Henry Rogers, which does him infinite credit. The mineral resources of the state are unequalled, and money is well spent which is employed to further their development. We shall take occasion to lay extracts of the report before our readers.

We acknowledge the kindness also, of F. Fraley, Esq. for his attention, manifested by forwarding valuable public documents to our address.

The Sentence day usually presents interesting scenes in the Municipal Court. It is a day of reckoning, which is followed by the most distressing consequences. There has seldom been a term when so many *females* have been indicted, most of whom confessed their guilt; and hoary headed men and unbearded boys are to be brought up in numbers to expiate their crimes. The narratives which sentence day brings forth afford illustrations of human life and conduct, which surprise and excite the auditors; and rarely has a doom-day occurred in that Court, which has brought more in number or more interesting objects, great and small, veterans in crime and novices, than THIS *day* will exhibit. So many persons are to be sentenced, that the Juries of trials were dismissed until Monday.—*Boston Gazette.*

Truly there is no place which can exhibit more subjects for profitable reflections than the Criminal Court room of a crowded city. We there behold human nature in every shade of moral deformity, and in all degrees of wretchedness, from the criminal precocity of the "unbearded" youth, to the villain hardened in years and crime, whose rank offences smell to heaven! There sits the female whose first false step has led to misery, destitution and crime, with countenance haggard and care-worn, and a heart gnawed by the corroding sins of many days, shameless even at the feet of justice. By her side is a companion of her guilty hours, over whom perhaps a mother wept and prayed, and whose desertion from her father's roof bowed the old man to the tomb, with a feeling of utter destitution strongly marked upon a countenance where beauty struggles with premature decay. There is a youth ripened in profanity, with a heart scathed by early familiarity with crime, who with timely, and properly applied parental restraint, might have been a credit to society and a comfort to his friends, who is now branded for life as a fit associate of the degraded and the reprobate in morals. There sits a crowd of wretches of all ages, sexes, conditions and crimes, and of all moods, watching the eye of the judge as he metes out their awards. *Sentence* day is a fearful day, the excitement incident to the trial is over, the jury from whom they expected deliverance have pronounced their guilt, and there now remains but "the certain fearful looking for of judgment," allotted by the laws. What heart accustomed to commune with itself does not mourn over the degradation of human nature at such scenes, and bless the early instructions of a father, and involuntarily call up the prayer taught by a mother's lip, "lead us not into temptation."

The prevalence of crime in this country is fearful in the extreme, and we perceive that even the land of the puritans is not exempt from the general looseness of morals. It is a subject which should make the patriot pause and reflect, and enquire what shall be done to stay the progress of evil. The Court of Criminal Sessions of our city, which was established to accelerate the trial of offenders is constantly in session, and the trial list of the month is rarely gone through with ere another month opens with a crowd of fresh offenders who have been placed under the scrutiny of the eye of the law by the Grand Jury. We shall make a suggestion on this matter.

From the appearance of the Huron Reflector, printed at Norwalk, O. we should suppose that the Sheriff was the only active man in the county. Three pages of the paper and a considerable part of the fourth are filled up with paragraphs, with the ominous title "Sheriff's Sale" at the head of each. The printers and the Sheriff must have a *fat* time of it. Real Estate—lots—goods—furniture—stock—all are "a going—going—going"—without discrimination, and scarce room enough is left, for one little advertisement of Dr. Phinney's *invaluable* Bilious Pills, in the smallest type. Norwalk, must be a great place for speculation.

EVANS'S WATER-COOLER.

We called at the Warehouse in Second below Chesnut, a few days since, to look at the Patent Refrigerators and Water-Coolers, of Mr. Evans. He has them of all sizes and prices as well as of different kinds. Some of them are constructed for Water-Coolers simply, suitable for families, stores, steamboats, &c. while others are intended for Provision-Coolers, and are consequently more complicated and costly. The construction appears to be simple, as all inventions are, when discovered, but not the less original and worthy of patent on that account. The space between the outside and the inside coating, is filled with pulverised charcoal, which serves as a non-conducter to the heat around the jar in the middle. The ice is arranged, and the water is drawn off by a spicket below. The article is simple, but useful and worthy the attention of house keepers.

JAMAICA.

In the course of a recent debate in the House of Commons, the under-secretary for the colonies stated that there were in Jamaica about 5000 whites, 28,000 persons of color and blacks, who had been some time free, and 350,000 negroes lately emancipated; the constituent body had been represented by Sir Lionel Smith, as between 1500 and 1600; but the number was, perhaps almost 2000; and neither the colored population nor the blacks had at present any vote in the election of the 45 members of the House of Assembly. Fifteen months must elapse before the 350,000, blacks, and persons of color could have any influence on the representation.

ANOTHER FATAL STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

We learn from the Mount Vernon, Ia. Courier, that a few days since, as the steamboat Avalanche was descending the river near that town she collapsed a flue, by which three individuals were killed, and two others scalded so severely that no hopes are entertained of their recovery. All the men killed or wounded were firemen or deck hands. After remaining at the landing two-thirds of the day to bury the dead, she was taken in tow by another boat and proceeded on her voyage.

MR. GEORGE CATLIN,

Who has for some time past been exhibiting a Gallery of Indian Curiosities, Dresses, Portraits, Landscapes, &c. has contributed during the present week to the amusement of a large number of our citizens, by a course of lectures on Indian Manners, Customs, Anecdotes, and his adventures among those singular people, in a truly novel and interesting style. Mr. Catlin is an original genius, and is not only an excellent relator of anecdotes and stories, but also a very good actor, and delineates the scenes he has witnessed, dressed in character, with all the animation of an enthusiast. We have no doubt his descriptions and imitations are very correct—they bear native evidence of truth, and the evidence is corroborated by gentlemen who have visited the distant Indian Nations. The *distant* ones, because Mr. Catlin does not waste his time with the debased, selfish and wretched remnants of the aboriginals that have lost their pride and character, by the contaminating influence and presence of the white frontier population, and traders who have introduced among them the vicious propensities and whiskey-loving practices of Christians, without any of their virtues.

The subjects of Mr. Catlin's pencil, his histories and delineations are of a noble race. The Camanches, the Mandans, the Pawnees, the Blackfeet, Sioux, Crows, Assinipoins, Omahaws, &c. &c. who have not yet sunk beneath the withering associations of white people—who on their native prairies stalk with noble pride and independence, who manufacture their own dresses from the skins of the Mountain Sheep and Buffalo, and use their spears, bows and arrows, in preference to fire arms, and with courtly pride and hospitality welcomed the artist, and honored him for his talents of delineation, as a nobleman of nature, infinitely superior to the mercenary race of traders and Indian agents, who plunder and cheat them when opportunity offers.

Mr. Catlin lived among these people for many years, and was evidently at home among them. They treated him at all times invariably with the utmost hospitality, kindness and attention—always prepared the most honored dwelling, and plentifully supplied all his wants, with an attention he never experienced among his own countrymen, and he is grateful. He is their panegyrist and defender, and as such he has no doubt greatly elevated the true native Indian character, in the estimation of his hearers, who before only knew them as a debased treacherous, cruel and savage foe.

The Indian is truly fortunate in having so faithful and industrious a champion, historian and painter, as Mr. Catlin, who will no doubt rescue their name from the mass of trading libellers, that have so long corrupted and then slandered them. With a remarkable assiduity and perseverance, he has devoted many years of his life and much pecuniary means, in preparing a magnificent collection of their dresses, instruments, ornaments, portraits, &c. But he has not a full opportunity in his three lectures of giving all the details of his adventures. His forthcoming volume in which he has more fully described them, the biographical sketches of chiefs and distinguished men, their ceremonies, plays, manners, customs and habits, will no doubt be looked for and read with great interest, at least by those who have heard his lectures, as his abridgments, (like the tales the Sultana Scheherazade entertained the Great Sultan Schahriar with in the Arabian Nights,) must give a keen relish for a more enlarged feast of the same kind. While they mourn over the certain and speedy destruction of these aboriginal tribes, they may laugh at his graphic description of the vagaries of the medicine man, or of that worthless class of human beings, the Indian dandy, who so exactly copies the habits and conduct of his civilised brother, and while he eulogizes the correctness, and sagacity of some of their doctrines, laments the evils of others of their rites and practices. For ourselves, we anticipate one of the most original and curious works that has been issued from the press for many years, for Mr. C. has struck out a new path to fame and fortune, and while he leaves a memorial of the true Indian uncorrupted native character, he makes a lasting name for himself.

Mr. Catlin gives the last lecture of his second course this evening, at the Franklin Institute, but we are mistaken if he does not receive sufficient inducements to repeat them again and again, previous to his departure for Europe. Our citizens will probably never have another opportunity of witnessing so complete an exhibition of the kind.

LITERARY.

"*The Naval History of the United States,*" by *J. Fennimore Cooper*, in 2 vols. LEA & BLANCHARD.—Here we have indeed a treasure for American Libraries, for the which, we willingly forgive Cooper his past sins. We have now, what has long been wanted, a fair, full, and yet a succinct account of the transactions of our young Navy. The author, with abundant materials, furnished by private friendship, as well as those placed within his reach by the officers of public institutions, and with a mind fitted by discipline and observation in the service, has accomplished his task with a fidelity and ability which will at once do much to restore the kind feelings of his countrymen, and to re-establish a reputation somewhat impaired by the recent hasty, and pettish productions of his pen.

The work has been produced in a handsome style by the publishers, for which we predict they will be amply repaid, by an extensive sale of the work.

"*The Phantom Ship, a Tale of the Sea,*" by *Captain Maryatt*, in 2 vols. CAREY & HART. Many of our readers are familiarly acquainted with the nature and style of this novel, parts of it having been published in the Saturday News prior to the union with the Post. The copy-right of the work, was, however, purchased of the author by the publishers, whilst he was travelling in this country, which of course will preclude the press from the farther exercise of a truly American virtue. Marryatt's description of Sea scenes, are usually good, but the "Flying Dutchman," in the present work, is a character so strained, and "unearthly," as to deprive a reader of ordinary credulity of much interest in the novel. The message to Philip from the land of spirits, lends, however, a charm to the work, and the author during the progress of its fulfilment, introduces some admirable characters to the notice of the reader. No one who has *commenced*, can be well satisfied, without understanding the *conclusion* of the work.

"*Nicholas Nickleby,*" No. 13, from the press of LEA & BLANCHARD, is before us. It wears the impress of the genius of "Boz." Each successive number imparts additional interest to the narrative, and serves more fully to display the intimate knowledge of human nature possessed by the author.

"*The American Medical Library,*" published by WALDIE, for May, has appeared. It is conducted with much ability and success by Robert Duglison.

"*Rand's Copy Books.*"—The Controllers of the Public Schools, have resolved to introduce into the Public Schools, Rand's series of copy books, as the best known. This resolution reflects credit on the Controllers, as well as on Mr. Rand, who has devoted 30 years of his life in perfecting the system. The system is worthy the attention of Directors of other schools. The Pennsylvania Association of Monitorial Teachers have unanimously approved these Copy Books, and recommend them to the public and private schools.

A NEW PAPER.

We have received the first number of a new daily paper, entitled "The Evening Despatch," the typography of which is excellent, and the matter both original and selected of which is good. It is to be issued at six dollars per annum, from 103 South Second street, so soon as one thousand subscribers are obtained.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the Journal of the American Silk Society.

PHYSICS OF MORUS MULTICAULIS—TREES.

Extract of a letter from the Editor of the Silk Culturist, dated Somerset, Ky., 1839.

With these preliminary remarks, I now proceed to give a definite answer to your inquiry; and, taken together, they appear to involve the general and all-repeated question, *what will the Morus multicaulis prove?* Let us first look at the past. The tales of trees of that year's growth so exceed what will be believed. The market opened at about twenty cents, though thousands were sold on Massachusetts and elsewhere for ten cents, and even less. Soon speculation commenced, and the excitement made all different prices, until they commanded one dollar, and in some cases more, under the hammer of the auctioneer. When I was last sales in New York, were a lot of very small trees, and the prices ranged from fifty cents and a half to seventy cents, equal to from twenty-five to thirty cents a foot; and this, I think, may be assumed as their present value at auction. With this brief view of the past, let us look into the future, and see if we can form any rational opinion of their market value next autumn. Heretofore, the great impediment to the ocean of conjecture, I will state one fact, and it is a very important one in my view, which I saw in Baltimore, and on my return, I ascertained that purchases were made at forty cents for trees deliverable next autumn. One gentleman told me he had contracted for 100,000 at twenty and a half cents, had been offered twenty cents for a part of them, and declined it, and that another very intelligent gentleman, residing at Wilmington, Delaware, had on the last named day offered twenty cents for the next year's trees, and had refused the offer. He also mentioned several other instances of the knowledge of like offers and refusals. From these facts and other conversations, I am satisfied that contracts may be made with responsible men on Maryland's first day of January, 1840, at twenty cents per foot, all twenty cents, and probably more. If I am correct in this opinion, as I believe, as a matter of course, that the market value of trees of next year's growth, is about the same as it was of last year's growth, and that if this be so, the next inquiry is, will they advance, and if so, to what point? I have stated that they advanced several hundred per cent. the last year, and I will now answer this second question, as will they advance in like manner, or at all, during the next year? I answer that they will not—we desert this time and the time of delivering the next year's trees will be the time to apply my rules of philosophy, and say they unquestionably will, unless the causes which produced the advance in the last year's trees, be reproduced. But have they? In order to answer this inquiry, we must look at the causes of that year's. The causes which occasioned the demand, and the consequent advance in the price of the trees, were product of human industry. Causes of the first class were the introduction of Silk Culture and Silk. The small number of trees in the country, compared with the enterprise and energy of the people, gratified with nothing short of immediate action. Hence large purchases were made for the sole purpose of permanent plantations, to the hope of such returns as arising from the raising of cocoons and silk, as well as from the munificence of the government.

But, it is said, the number will be increased by another crop and consequently the price. Granted, my will be fully supplied, the market overstocked, and the price reduced to there actual value for feeding the worms. But will there be another necessary to supply the country, and make every family a silk grower to the extent needed? I can form no very rational conclusion; but what I think I see is, that not more than one hundred thousand could be procured in all Europe for exportation to this or any other country. It is, however, believed that a few will be imported, possibly enough to swell the number to the one hundred thousand mentioned. Admit this then to be the number on hand for planting the coming year, and what will be the ratio of increase, which, after deductions for ordinary losses, leaves at least a million? We shall have thirty-five millions; a large number but truly, but not enough to supply the state of Connecticut, a small spot on the map of the United States. The market, therefore, cannot be overstocked, and will require the whole increase of the next crop.

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EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA.

A house of sounddeck have been taken in the Northern Liberties, in which a branch mission well engraved counterfeit five dollar notes on the Girard Bank of Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Bank of this city. The signatures are well executed. Look out for counterfeits. Many are thought to be afloat.

The Protestant Episcopal Church.—The Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this state, commenced its session, and held in St. Andrew's Church, in this city, on the 31st of May, inst.

Dobson's superb Organ of 3000 pipes, for St. Mary's church, Philadelphia, has arrived from New York, and is daily expected here. Look out for the splendid concert that will be given when it is built to servedly costs, equal to from twenty-five to thirty cents a foot; and this, I think, may be assumed as their present value at auction. With this brief view of the past, let us look into the future, and see if we can form any rational opinion of their market value next autumn. Heretofore, the great impediment to the ocean of conjecture, I will state one fact, and it is a very important one in my view, which I saw in Baltimore, and on my return, I ascertained that purchases were made at forty cents for trees deliverable next autumn. One gentleman told me he had contracted for 100,000 at twenty and a half cents, had been offered twenty cents for a part of them, and declined it, and that another very intelligent gentleman, residing at Wilmington, Delaware, had on the last named day offered twenty cents for the next year's trees, and had refused the offer. He also mentioned several other instances of the knowledge of like offers and refusals. From these facts and other conversations, I am satisfied that contracts may be made with responsible men on Maryland's first day of January, 1840, at twenty cents per foot, all twenty cents, and probably more. If I am correct in this opinion, as I believe, as a matter of course, that the market value of trees of next year's growth, is about the same as it was of last year's growth, and that if this be so, the next inquiry is, will they advance, and if so, to what point? I have stated that they advanced several hundred per cent. the last year, and I will now answer this second question, as will they advance in like manner, or at all, during the next year? I answer that they will not—we desert this time and the time of delivering the next year's trees will be the time to apply my rules of philosophy, and say they unquestionably will, unless the causes which produced the advance in the last year's trees, be reproduced. But have they? In order to answer this inquiry, we must look at the causes of that year's. The causes which occasioned the demand, and the consequent advance in the price of the trees, were product of human industry. Causes of the first class were the introduction of Silk Culture and Silk. The small number of trees in the country, compared with the enterprise and energy of the people, gratified with nothing short of immediate action. Hence large purchases were made for the sole purpose of permanent plantations, to the hope of such returns as arising from the raising of cocoons and silk, as well as from the munificence of the government.

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Stocking Irish of Ennis.—We copy the following from the Evansville (Ia.) Journal of Wednesday, the 1st inst. The narrative, though short in details, is, we have no doubt, strictly true:—At the raising of a log house, in Gibson county, on Tuesday last, a quarrel took place among the men engaged, when one man, who had been drinking to excess, struck at another, struck another man below, and split open his abdomen, causing his immediate death. The murderer then ran a tent-like back in the direction of his cabin, and in the fall broke his neck; at the same time the house fell, crushing to death a child in the cradle. The murderer was taken in the excitement of the moment, and came near being shot. He was then seen running in the log three persons, and wounding and bruising others.

Steamer Astoria Sunk.—The steamer General Leavenworth, which arrived on Tuesday evening last from the upper Mississippi, reports that the Astoria, on her downward passage, struck a log, sprung a leak, and sunk immediately in seven feet water. She is supposed to be a total loss. She had on board one hundred barrels of flour, and a quantity of bale rope. The furniture of the boat is insured. No lives lost. The Astoria was owned in St. Louis, to the amount of $9000.—*St. Louis Bulletin of May 2.*

A few days ago, Mrs. Sarah Van Deusen, of Posey county, Ia. killed one of her children, two or three years of age, with an axe. It is supposed that it was his intention to kill his whole family. He was the victim of religious phrensy. It is the last case of insanity arranged, he had ever been a highly respectable citizen and an affectionate husband and parent.

The Rushville, (Ill.) Phœnix says, "William Frame, who was tried at the last term of the Morgan Nothsonner, some 18 months ago, and who got a change of venue from this county to Hancock, for $2,000,000, and found guilty by the jury.

At the Circuit Court of Warren county, Ky. held last week, Judge Hunt presiding, Mary, a slave of Lincoln, whose trial had been removed from the latter county, was tried for the murder of two children, and found guilty by the jury.

SOUTHERN.

The United States Steamer Wave, under the command of Lieut. M'Laughlin, has rendered eminent service to our commerce on the coast of Texas. She has been the means of the lives of twenty men of shipwrecked crews, that but for her timely arrival, must have fallen a prey to the marauding savages; also, a large amount of wreckage property has been saved, and the owners on whose have furnished munitions to the Indians have been taken.

An agent of the Maryland Colonization Society, Mr. Kennard, has collected in Anne Arundel county, $630, toward purchasing a packet vessel, for plying regularly between Baltimore and Liberia. The amount raised in Maryland Colony is situated.

A gentleman by the name of C. White, of Hamilton, Alabama, was waylaid and murdered near Columbus, Miss. a few days ago. Another gentleman, who was also waylaid in the outskirts of the city, and have nearly despatched the positive and pig pens in that neighborhood.

The New York Express says: "Captain Taylor of the steamboat Jay Mayflower, has been arrested by the United States Marshal, charged with the crime of having on board as the seamen at a foreign port, contrary to a law of the United States. He was held to bail in $30,000 for his appearance.

Fire.—This article seems to be coming down, down, down. Sunrise at Rochester, 4; per bushel. Sunset at Rochester, 2; and last not more than one hundred thousand could be procured in all Europe for exportation to this or any other country. It is, however, believed that a few will be imported, possibly enough to swell the number to the one hundred thousand mentioned. Admit this then to be the number on hand for planting the coming year, and what will be the ratio of increase, which, after deductions for ordinary losses leaves at least a million? We shall have thirty-five millions; a large number but truly, but not enough to supply the state of Connecticut, a small spot on the map of the United States. The market, therefore, cannot be overstocked, and will require the whole increase of the next crop.

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In a street fight at Yazoo city, (Miss. Manchester) May 4, four days since, between Mr. James Markham and Dr. Dorsey, the former was shot—perhaps mortally—at the second yard shot, and the latter bound over in $1000.

Fever Florida.—We learn from Tampa Bay, that a short while since the Indians under Nehe Stose Matta, principal chief of the Tlahassee tribe, had a drove of cattle on Manatee Tamoa and carried off all the indian prisoners of that post. They likewise murdered one man, following, crossed the river and reconnoitered the post at Tampa. Now this is a large room in which the exhibition is placed is set apart for the Indians, and they have been kept in close assurance of a miniature poultry-yard. The Indians, however, failed to treat with the Egyptian mode of artificial hatching in ovens, and with well worthy the traits of the naturalist and the curious.—*Bell's Life in London.*

A letter of the 10th inst. from Trieste states that a new system of gunpowder by which great losses has been invented by a sergeant-major of the Austrian artillery, named Schlenzky. The apparatus consists of a parabolic mirror, inches by 30, with a 12 inch focus, and the light is produced by a new kind of powder invented by M. Schlenzky. It has been tried under the auspices of the Austrian Lloyd's Company in the port of Trieste, by being erected on the mast of a vessel. The light is said to have illuminated the whole of the port and the surrounding quays to the extent of more than 40 feet, and at the distance of 600 yards from the vessel on which the mirror was placed. Numerous experiments of this kind have been made in bad weather, and the result was proportionately favorable.

Mr. Gurney's Lamps.—The following is an abridged account of the important discovery: Mr. Gurney, the inventor of the new light, Gurney proposed, by combining oxygen with the flame of wax or oil, to obtain a light of great power, by means of a common lamp. The light might be obviated. The proposition was received with a contemptuous smile by the most part under experiment at the Trinity House. It is well known that oxygen increases the brilliancy of burning bodies to a very great degree, which result in question, as observed by Mr. Gurney, has completely removed the objection. Oxygen, the inventor of the flame, by which means it is pure and unconfined, and thereby procures the most brilliant result. In the first week in April, The lamps used in lighthouses on the French coast are to be lighted with Mr. Gurney's light in cheaper than the French in the proportion of 10 to 1. The cost of the gas used in the lamps, with the flame of oil, wax, or other bodies which Mr. Gurney has proved to be incombustible after the Easter recess.—*London Times.*

Shipwreck.—The schooner Alice Ann, Capt. Wescott, of Deaver, while coming into Oswego harbor, Lake Ontario, a few days since, struck upon a reef of rocks, and soon went to pieces with all on board, consisting of the captain, three men, four females, one child, and two passengers, two of whom were females.

Shocking.—The most appalling distress exists in the islands of New Foundland. Hundreds of families are in a state of starvation. The accounts of the inhabitants of Conception Bay are harrowing. The wretchedness to which they are reduced is beyond description, and must produce considerable woe and misery, and that consisting of fish, &c.

Some of the British papers, says Prentice, are deliberating as to the best mode of penetrating into the Interior of Texas, but seem to have every plan than to send their Irish and English rapscallions to Texas. Let them send a few cargoes of down at the polls.

Anti-Temperance Temperance—A heavy run against the tee-totallers, it is said, is made in Lynn Fair, Vermont. There is a crusade got up against all serenades, unless Bellini shall be substituted for cancan dances. At Bellows Falls the trumpet is preferred.

An Encampment.—It is rumored that several companies of United States troops will be encamped during the summer near Trenton, New Jersey, for instruction.

Something wrong.—The Americans at Havana to the number of several hundreds, are greatly distressed at the failure of all attempts to destroy Trist, who is accused of a want of humanity to-wards the crew of the American brig Mr. Kaga, confined in the Spanish prisons, after being unlawfully seized by the pirates of the Spanish Spanish courts. Capt. Babbit, of the U. S. sloop of war Boston, exerted himself unceasingly for their relief.

Happiness.—The Boston Post gives the following new definition of happiness:

"A soft couch by the fire, a new novel, a pretty wife, a dozen of the best Lafitte, a good segar, easy slippers, a good conscience, and a clear conscience."

Missing Vessel.—The schooner Gallant Mary, Collin, of and from Baltimore, which sailed for Pernambuco about the 1st of April, has not arrived at her port of destination on the 7th of May. She was spoken in the early part of May on the Equator, by the brig Navarre, of and from Philadelphia, bound to Rio Janeiro. They were in company two days—and the Navarre was then 200 miles ahead of the Gallant Mary. It is feared she must have been lost on the shoals.

The Corsair—after remarking upon the unfortunate affair between Messrs. Cilley and Graves, says:—

"In fashionable circles, however, we must say, that recently the community seems to be getting back to the old feeling, which was the anticipated mode of judging of each other by the standard of conduct and conversation, even in these circles, and not by the engines of death with which society has made the centre of attraction.

Fire.—The steamboat Isabella took fire on the passengers in the United States steamboat, by the burning of the boiler, on the 15th inst. the Hon. Richard G. Dunlap was interrogated by the Secretary of State in the case of Isabella, and delivered his credentials as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the Republic of Texas.

The last yoke upon town is not quite so good as the first. Boodle Alderman—"I don't care enough to live in one days."—Suppose Catiline, Boodle, "I don't care enough to live in one days."—Suppose Catiline, Boodle, "I don't care enough to live in one days."—Suppose Catiline, Boodle, "

Poet's Corner

Yesterday's one Spine of Silver,
What gives it till the Gossamer

UPON HIS WHITE HAIRS.

From some beautiful papers on our Sacred Poets, in the *Scottish Chris tian Herald*, by C. Mor, fie (the Delta, of *Blackwood's Magazine*, we extract by Lord Vere:

These hairs of age are messengers
Which bid me fast repent and pray!
They be of death the harbingers,
That doth prepare and dress the way.
Whether I fly yet then you may see
Or no my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length
How far my race was for to run;
They me my reach was fled with strength,
And how old age is well begun.
The which I feel, and you may see
Such lines upon my head to be.

They be the stringers of mine years
Where sooner is her nominal;
Their more declines a time—these grounds
I name, and how thereto I shall;
Wherefore I love this you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,
No worse then take than I have meant,
That, after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joy their lives well spent,
God grant, likewise, that they may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

Hertz vs Fleming.—Every species of literary absurdity has successfully revealed. A boy who has learned to say a sprightly thing, is generally applauded as much for his pertness as if he possessed the understanding of a full grown man. *He is regarded a man of parts*—a, and becomes a candidate of fashion. Matrons, therefore, who would themselves be driven away as much as possible. The mother herself should exhibit her children with vanity, when little master imposes to say a good or a smart thing. These unnatural efforts, by which the young wasp grows, become at length more alluring even and at school gradually to the ridicule of the master, and the cause to themselves and more satisfaction to their instructors.

Dumb and Blind.—It was once well observed by Dr. Samuel Johnson, that deeds and books were the greatest possible helps to the honesty of mankind. Another writer says, "In times past, when men dealt uprightly, and in the best of faith, few of seven times were sufficient for the assurance of any piece of land whatsoever. Now, forty, nay, a hundred, will hardly find, nay, a whole skin of parchment, will hardly afford. We may observe that the honesty of men does not keep pace with their intelligence.

Quite chiefly brought up by their fathers unable as much of the county spot, that is known a gentleman for their lovers, whether, they possess enough of that spirit themselves to endure and counsel it in others.

To make cushion wash well, infuse three gills of salt in four or five gallons water, and put the cushion in while hot, and leave it till cold. And in this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will stand fair for subsequent washing. So says a lady who has frequently made the experiment herself.

It is a common remark that those men talk most who think least, just as frogs croak their quacking when a person brought a light near the water.

One reason why many children and young people, both often so pale and lanie, and fall early victims to diseases of the head or lungs is, that parents do not give them enough exercise in the open air and to persuade them to be out or for hours, in all the intervals of school hours, on the false principle, that by long hours they would acquire a greater store for the stock of knowledge, than which nothing is more absurd.

Every body has heard of the eccentric Lorenzo Dow. He once used the subject as a text of a sermon held, to call the attention of his auditory to the fact of his consequently existing for those assembled to be once acquaintance of the material flame. Lorenzo observing a considerable portion of his congregation reading, indulgently ceased preaching and shouted aloud, "Here, sir, here." A number of the heads were going to disturb somebody very natural upon their last and eagerly enquired, "where, where?" "In your pocket, sleepy sinners," quietly responded the minister. The sense clutches of sleep were dissolved the roar of his laughter was heard by all present.

Persevere.—If a woman should put about every year be encountered a load which would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances will never make the voyage of life. A sailor sees every wind to propel; he should use every one learn to trim his sails, and guide his bark that every adverse gale should blow its inflicting direction and assist it forward on its onward course.

My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry Jack Spriggins?" So I—"Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could *take him at a guess* in his words.

Ladies.—The Natchez Free Trader says—"Some winter streets as red bended ladies, but they forget that all the sweet mentals which would serve to make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances will never make the voyage of life. A sailor sees every wind to propel; he should use every one learn to trim his sails, and guide his bark that every adverse gale should blow its inflicting direction and assist it forward on its onward course.

Rather Perplexing.—To be sucking a damsel rather pressingly, and to have her mother pop into the room just as you were about your mouth ought to be a loss. The measure at that time is enough to make human natural exalted.

Beauty.—That quiet, odd moralist, Quarles, in his Enchiridion, gives us the following advice—"Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it blow you up; nor too near least it burn thee; it does love it, it disturbs thee; if thou love it, it destroys thee; if virtue associate with it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate with it, it is the soul's hell-mouth; it is the wise man's bodkin, and the fool's fatness."

Our Mason.—We are inclined to believe that many of the outward expressions that upon old age are made to their credit than is generally imagined. In a woman remarkably nice in her person, "she is considered by no to be mad." Some particularly reserved toward the other sex "she has all the appearance of an old maid." In the frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic economy "she is most decidedly an old maid." And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nobody can see her from for a while even of "an old woman." In short, we have always found that neatness, economy, economical humility are the most striking characteristics of that veritable creature an "old maid."

Life.—Hope and joy, pain and pleasure, misery and dejection, and happiness succeed each other in the day, and sweet sleep and sweet sleep, all mingled and agitated in all the sweet and sweet's pitcher at its close and wakes us all to sweet—making sadness, joyous, and joyous sadness, in our rooms, in his journey to the dark, gloomy grave.

Our Parents.—Were all like Adam in the spot pensive we look upon our first night in the child's dawn, and the first setting of our sun as the setting of the sun of our world. We loved our friends as if there were no better futurity together and our relatives as if there were no better friends here; for all our pursuits are born Atheist and Infidels.

Self Portraiture.—A man never portrays his own character other than by the way and manner in which he portrays the character of another.

The Perfections of Love.—What less like to show us on the glass door of Heaven? The study that we see the highest beauty, and the highest blow; but it is an open.

Method of Procuring Flowers in Winter.—In the course of our desultory reading we fell in with the following curious method of procuring flowers in winter, in the midst of November, and now publish for the benefit of such of our readers as are curious in such things. The material, we conceive, a vitreous one, as a cordon of most of these descriptions are found in tender seasons, as all manner of the year, with the lower, which is the case with the Indian fig, lest or flower may be made to bear fruit upon the accustomed time of the beholder, as the production of the experimenter not prompt. A branch proportioned to the size of the object is prepared, and lopped from the tree, flowers of which are to be produced, and made into a spring, where it is left for an hour or two, to give time for such ice as may adhere to the wood and to soften the bark. It is then carried into a chamber heated by a stove, and placed in a wooden vessel, filled with water, a small one may be added to the water, and left for twelve hours. The branch then removed, and placed in a pot, containing water with a small quantity of vitriol, and a little camphor. In a few hours the flowers will begin to appear, and afterward the leaves. It is said that the solution of camphor in spirits of wine will be found to answer the same purpose, and that the latter will remain more sweet; and the leaves will preserve the flower. We may here add that the branch must be made to blossom in a room, the temperature of which is about that of the vessel which contains the earth in which they grow.—*Wilmington Advertiser.*

JARED SPARKS, THE HISTORIAN.

The world gained money, as one poet said Time, in the moment of agony, or the hour of penance, when both have passed, seems like no existence; when passion and nature are change, whose wand has entwined over count and darkness, but is failed by the human spirit, which with the breath of life is transmitted and immortal thought and act, for ages to come. Washington, from Cambridge, directed the movements of the American army, then besieging the British in Boston, one of the evening generations, a faithful historian and impartial biographer, aided by the numerous records of his interest, which the hero never presumed to have bequeathed to his country, defines his life, amidst the scenes of his early glory; in the precincts of the very room and hall; among which were arose the wonder beam and of the continental, and whose voice, from a thousand fire and happy battles, the peaceful smoke wounds to heaven. For ten years and more, Mr. Sparks has dwelt at Cambridge, with varied unremittance at the poor work of rescuing

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from the tomb of time those memorable transactions of which he was not himself a witness, and of which the personal and recorded memorials, have left the living, in a great measure, under ages, but scattered as a wreck, and in the form of letters, documents, journals, and memoirs of the actors, participators, partisans, friends, and enemies of the revolution, which have been gathering under the dust, and scattered by their flame of time and fervour, folio's history up to their view, as an ordinary chronicler of events.—*Knickerbocker.*

RAIL RIDING.

The following spirited song, of which is half poet Tuckahoe, Florida, explains how to outwit logs for lynch, is from the Augusta Mirror.

Now, of all other men, perhaps John Rodgers has the most experience in "getting over the ground," as he rather terms it, and then under such an authority; but considering my own experience in the matter, I doubt that he would not be competent "always how correct." He has made a number of trips on our railroad, and he chose, continued in a whining tone of voice:

"Ride me a thing of like—" "Stop!" said I, if I'd be out on a rail, for five thousand dollars.

"Well you'll have to walk, then," said the gentleman of the bar, as he sat back the heels and pursed his mouth, "for I'll be d—d if you ride another inch."

"I will, now I'm not agreed to be served so much," said John, "Stranger I yield to your logic."

John mustered over his long story, muttering to himself, "I'll be d—d if I do," they come a-speeding like the wind.

He then stepped into a stage, and purchased five pounds of cheese, and a box of sardines, a pocket handkerchief and tie to him, walked into a confectionery store, and bought a quid Tennessee tobacco, and five cents; lighted one of them, and commenced smoking, and then walked into a restaurant, and called for a quart wine; he then walked into a restaurant, and called for a quart wine; he then walked into a restaurant, and called for a quart wine; he